

merely the names of the lines he constructed, either single-handed, or in partnership with others. On summing up, I find that the total number of miles of railway which he thus laid down was 6,478. When one tries to imagine the enormous amount of work involved in such an extent of railways—the tunnels, the viaducts, the bridges—the quantities of wood and iron required—the station-houses and locomotives—we can at least see that the man who organized the labour and guided the operations of the workmen, and brought the whole to a successful issue, must have been one of the greatest “Captains of Industry” which the nineteenth century has produced. His monument is the vast iron roads in England, France, Italy, Austria, Denmark, India, Australia, Canada, and South America, which were constructed by his energy, ability, and perseverance. No king or conqueror can boast of such a memorial of a laborious, useful life, spent in the construction of great works which have already greatly advanced the civilization of the world, and the ultimate result of which no one can predict. I look upon Thomas Brassey as a typical or representative man of the great toiling, earth-subduing race to which he belonged—the mighty Saxon workers, whose indomitable industry has brought the British Isles from the condition of forest and swamp into that of a fair garden, covered with cities and palaces, overspread with iron roads, along which fire-breathing steeds career, and telegraphs which flash intelligence on the lightning’s pinion—the race which have formed an Indian Empire in the East, and thrown off an American Republic, and a semi-independent Dominion in the West, dotted the globe with colonies, bridged the roaring Atlantic with steamboats, and stretched along its bed a gigantic coil through which thought speeds between the Old World and the New. If we honour the wondrous industry which has done all this—the faculty which has grappled with the great forces of nature, and chained them to the car of progress, and transformed them into obedient servants,—the patient energy which has pierced the mountain and enabled man to defy the tempest-tossed ocean, then we must admire in Thomas Brassey the finest living embodiment of this Anglo-Saxon energy and genius for labour. Work was the very atmosphere in which he lived and breathed. He cared absolutely nothing about rank or title or social position. To the ordinary ambitions of life he was completely indifferent. “His great ambition” says Sir Arthur Helps, “his ruling passion,